

# Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

As Rob, dressed in his picturesque Spanish costume, stood on the deck, he thought he had never seen so many villainous-looking men. They would propel the large flat boats to the schooner's side, make them fast and jump aboard. Then the black boatmen and the crew of the "Black Cat" would be busy for a time in transferring from the hull of the schooner to the boats the packages and cases and casks of the contraband cargo. Captain Torvevo was here, there and everywhere, giving loud commands in a language that Rob did not understand, and which would scarcely be understood by any one whose tongue was limited to the precise language of any one country.

Captain Torvevo passed Rob several times without paying him any attention. What was Rob's great surprise, then, when the captain of the "Black Cat" suddenly turned on him with a frightful oath and struck him with a rope's end.

"Will you do nothing?" roared Captain Torvevo, in what appeared a most frightful rage. "Will you stand there, and me trying to get unloaded? Get to work there, or I'll kick you into the water!"

Rob was thunderstruck and terribly frightened.

"I'll do anything!" he cried. "Don't strike me! Tell me what you want me to do!"

"Get into that boat. Do your share of the work! Help carry the stuff to the cave!"

As Rob, without trying to soften the terrific wrath of his seemingly cruel master, turned to obey, he saw, standing on the shore, a large, black horse. Upon this horse was seated a man of apparently fifty-five years of age. This

man's face that he seemed to make the others gentle by comparison.

"Hurry up, there!" he shouted in English, flourishing his whip. "We are being watched every day now. There may be soldiers here any minute. Get the stuff ashore in a hurry!"

The men strained harder, and soon the flat nose of the boat was shoved up on the sand. The men leaped out, each one giving a quick look at the master, as if expecting every moment a cut with the heavy whip.

"Hey, Torvevo, who is this?" he shouted, pointing to Rob.

"That fool of a nephew of mine," shouted back the captain of the "Black Cat." "He is no good, but he would make a trip with me. Whip him, if he is lazy."

Rob remembered what Torvevo had said about his appearance as the nephew of the captain of the "El Gato Negro," and wondered if he, as Rob Cleverdale, had any more to fear than he was getting as Torvevo's nephew. It seemed to be the object of Torvevo to make him out as stupid and worthless as possible, and to give the Englishman the impression that he hated his nephew.

The men on the boat now began to pick up their burdens, and poor Rob, not one-fifth as strong as one of these fellows, did the same. He unfortunately picked up a package that was too heavy for him, and staggered with it right before the tall, Satanic individual, whom all so palpably feared.

In an instant there was a swish, and the Englishman's whip came down on Rob's shoulders.

"Get on with you!" he said. "If you can't do better than that, what good are you?"

Rob, not knowing but an answer would bring him another blow, shut

and Rob did not doubt that the crew of the "Black Cat" were pirates as well as smugglers.

## CHAPTER VI.

He felt a thrill of apprehension as he saw the black shadows cast by the blazing torches and heard the grumbling tones of the moving men in that grewsome place. Oh! What hiding places there were among these piles of bales or in those black recesses of rock, where he could hear the constant trickling of water from above!

Shivering, he went the whole length of the place, deposited his burden, and followed the line of spectres out again.

What glad sigh of relief escaped him as he breathed once more the fresh air outside. But there was no time to stop to enjoy it. The procession moved on, and Rob, with trembling limbs and perspiring brow, went back for another load. The boats had brought some casks from the schooner by this time, and these were to be taken into the cave.

It was hard work, and when Rob saw Torvevo standing on shore by the side of the Englishman, his heart gave a bound of fear. What was the mystery of the hatred felt by these men toward himself? He could not understand it. But it seemed certain that they were bent on his destruction; or, perhaps, he was to be henceforth a slave. Perhaps all these dark fellows were slaves. Rob did not know whether there were any slaves in South America now, but these men were slaves in reality, even if they were not such in name. And what would be his own fate?

Again he fell to work with the others, but could not resist sending a look of appeal into the eyes of Torvevo. The captain of the "Black Cat" saw this, and saw also that at the same time the tall Englishman was looking at the boy.

"Curse you!" shouted Torvevo. "I will kill you yet!"

He struck him fiercely, and poor Rob, feeling now certain that the friendship Torvevo had shown on board the schooner was assumed, fell to work with a heart that was like a lump of lead in his bosom.

He helped roll a heavy keg to the opening, and was almost run down by it as it sped downward from the top of the ridge. A great, ugly fellow, half Indian and half negro, caught him in a powerful grasp and swung him out of the way to safety.

"Oh, thank you!" gasped poor Rob. "Uh! No 'thank!' said the black fellow, with a hideous grin. "Me no want to see kill. Capitang Elvin him kill soon 'nuff."

"Captain Elvin! Is that the man's name?"

"Ho! Yes. Him Capitang Elvin. Him great man. Him chief all de gangs. Him kill you."

"Why does he want to kill me?" asked Rob.

"Um! Me not know. Look out, dat all!"

Again Rob went into the dark caverns, doing his best toward his share of the work. But it was an astonishing fact that as soon as they were out of sight over the ridge, no one cared whether he did any work or not. In fact, in the work of placing the casks, barrels and kegs, he was decidedly in the way of the experienced men, and they shoved him aside.

While doing nothing he looked around the caverns, but was sure to follow the men of his gang out when they returned for another load.

Four or five trips he made into the caverns in this way, winning nothing but blows and kicks and curses from Torvevo, no matter how hard he worked.

(To be continued.)

## Evening the Honors Up.

It was at President Hadley's reception that the following bit of conversation was overheard: Dr. Dwight, turning to a prominent young alumnus of Yale, after greeting him with "Hello, classmate," said something about his own very recent return from the country, adding afterward: "By the way, I owe one of the New Haven newspapers a grudge. It printed an item about me some time ago to this effect: 'Ex-President Theodore Dwight has just returned from his summer home at Norfolk.' Now, my name is Timothy." "Well, that is one of the things, at all events that can be very easily rectified, doctor," said the alumnus pleasantly. "Yes," replied the doctor, with a droll smile, "they might say, and I think it would be satisfactory to me, that 'Prof. Alfred Hadley has just been elected president of an institution at Waterbury.'"—New Haven Register.

## A Quaker Wedding.

The Elk City (Kan.) Enterprise describes a Quaker wedding which took place in that city the other day. The bridal couple came into the meeting-house and took their seats all alone on the rostrum, while 200 people sat silently on the benches. After a long wait, during which not a sound was uttered, the groom arose and taking the bride by the hand, said: "Friends, in the presence of God and before thy assembly I take Mariette Stevens to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful husband until death shall separate us." Then the bride in like manner promised to be to him a loving and faithful wife, and the ceremony was over.

## Not the First Time.

Mrs. Gillian—Now, Mrs. Wyckoff, we really must say good-by, Dear, while you put your overcoat on. I want to tell Mrs. Wyckoff a secret. Mr. Gillian—All right. I'll just go and get my hair out and meet you at the corner.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

#### Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

##### Horticultural Observations.

On Jan. 18 there will be held in Kansas City a convention of growers and shippers of fruit and farm produce. It is proposed to form an association of national magnitude. Whether the plan will succeed or not we will soon see. But it is a fact that the science of organization is being learned, as is evidenced by the success of the California raisin growers' association. There are at present a number of small associations that have been doing business for years, and that, too, with success. There is little doubt that such a combination as that proposed has in it great possibilities for good and evil. Honestly and justly managed, it may give a uniformity to prices and prevent dishonesty among the retailers, especially among the stand fruit dealers in large cities.

Fruit men should in some way combine to prevent retailers re-sorting their fruit when it is put on the market. This re-sorting of fruit by the retailers is a very wide-spread habit. It is in every sense dishonest, and injures the producer of fine fruit as much as it does the buyer of what is supposed to be fine fruit. Go among the fruit stands in Chicago very early in the morning, say, in peach time, before the rush for the day has commenced. The fruit dealers will be found vigorously at work packing fruit to be sold during the day. All the good fruit has been emptied out in one pile and the little, worthless fruit in another pile. The packer puts the little green peaches in the bottom and faces the basket with good-sized and possibly good-colored fruit. If it lacks good color, he stretches some red netting over the green fruit and gives it the proper color. Now when the basket of fruit that Fruit-Grower John Smith has packed, with his stamp, comes into the hands of these same men, it is quickly emptied out and sorted with the rest. If, later, John Smith should come along and buy one of the honestly packed baskets that he has sent to market he would experience a shock on opening it, for he would not find under the top layer just as good peaches as on top, but the said green ones referred to. Fruit producers that are trying to make their brand recognized and respected on the market should find some way to compel dealers to sell the fruit as it comes to hand or take off their brand.

##### Agricultural Notes.

To what extent drain tile was pulverized by the hard frozes of last winter is not yet apparent. Inquiries sent out by the Farmers' Review revealed the fact that most farmers do not know whether their drains have been injured or not. The comparatively dry fall has not put them to the test. Should we have a wet winter we would probably find out if the drains are in condition to carry off water or not. It is not necessary that the whole line of drain be broken up to render it useless. A rod or two thoroughly pulverized does much to render the whole incapable of carrying off water. Perhaps it would have been a good idea if farmers with large quantities of tiled land had made some examination with the object of finding out its true condition. The loss to a single crop through a disintegrated drain may be large, and in addition large areas of land may be rendered unplowable in the spring just at the time it is most necessary to get onto the land.

Prize corn crops are not always what they appear to be. There are corn crops and corn crops. It is possible for two men to raise each 100 bushels of corn to the acre and yet have one man raise twice as much corn to the acre as the other. This appears paradoxical, but is easily explained. One man may plant his corn at such a late day that it will become only well glazed at the time it has to be gathered for exhibition; while the other man may plant his corn early and thus give it time to thoroughly mature before it must be gathered. Corn gathered just after the roasting-ear period is very heavy, and will at that time sometimes weigh double what it will when it has been well dried. This is the secret of some of the enormous yields of corn that have been recently reported. The figures that claim yields per acre well up to the 200-bushel mark are based on weighed and not measured bushels. I suspect that same prize corn a few months after it has been gathered, and it will be found looking very shabby. Every kernel will be found standing by itself and with an abundance of roach between it and its neighbors. Really such prize corn does not fill the requirements, or should not. The water content of corn should be taken into consideration, and we are not sure that it would not be a good idea to have each sample entered analyzed for its water content, and this analysis be taken into consideration when making the awards.

##### A Good Appointment.

Mr. J. H. Monrad has been appointed assistant dairy and food commissioner of Illinois. The appointment is a good one. All who know Mr. Monrad believe that he will discharge every duty faithfully. As a dairy expert he is known on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific. He has had experience

in dairy matters in Denmark, Norway, New Zealand and the United States. While progressive he is conservative, and is not easily led to indorse new things till he is thoroughly convinced of their utility. Illinois needs a strong man in the office of assistant commissioner, which office is supposed to be filled by a first-class dairy expert.

Another gratifying thing about the appointment of Mr. Monrad is that it is in no sense a political appointment. This is an indication that the commission is to be run for real effectiveness. The mass of work to be done in Illinois requires the best talent that can be secured irrespective of party, and the sentiment of the people should be expressed in favor of keeping, as much as possible, partisan politics out of it. Illinois has the reputation of being the state in which more adulterated products are made than any other state in the Union. It is charged that Illinois has had more to do with ruining our foreign markets for dairy goods than any other state in the Union, and it is to be hoped that a reform is to follow. Every farmer in Illinois should do his utmost to uphold the hands of Mr. Jones and Mr. Monrad.

##### Teosinte

Herewith we illustrate teosinte. The explanation of the plate is: "a," one of the ears enclosed by the husk; "b," the same with a portion of the husk showing the grains; "c" and "d," views of the grain.

The scientific name of this plant is Echinochloa luxurians. This is a grass of tropical nativity and much resembles Indian corn. It is said to have been introduced into this country from Central or South America, though it was first cultivated in Australia. In its native habit as it grows freely and often attains a height of from 10 to 15 feet in a few months. It suckers out or tillers to a remarkable degree, often as many as thirty to fifty suckers springing from a single stalk. In this country the climate is not hot enough, neither are the seasons long enough to ripen the seed, except in a very few places. While this is true, it does well as a fodder plant as far north as Pennsylvania and Kansas.

In some of our more southern states it has given larger yields than any other forage plant. Georgia reported a yield of 19 tons to the acre, Mississippi 22 tons to the acre, but at the Louisiana station it yielded over 50 tons per acre. To succeed well it needs abundant moisture, a great deal of heat, rich soil and a long season. It is useless to plant it where these conditions cannot be had. If cut when it reaches four or five feet in height it makes excellent fodder. If allowed to grow till October it makes a good plant for the silo. Its value as a silage crop may be seen



by the fact that the 50-ton per acre crop raised at the Louisiana station was sold to dairymen at the rate of \$2 per ton.

Neighboring Flocks.—With but one or two small flocks in a neighborhood there is sometimes a lack of buyers for both wool and mutton, but as flocks increase in size and number this difficulty will be largely overcome. Another advantage in being in a neighborhood where there are many small flocks is that rams can be exchanged frequently to good advantage; again, dogs never trouble so much, and if they do, their depredations are more scattered. A neighborhood pretty well stocked with profitable sheep is not as likely to be overrun with unprofitable dogs as one where sheep are scarce. There, too, is more or less competition to see who has the best-looking flock, as well as the best-paying one, and the per cent of increase is watched more closely when near-by shepherds keep track of the lambing time.—Ex.

Our "Butter" in Cuba.—American butter sells for less in the Cuban market than butter from France, Holland and Denmark. And yet American butter is generally better than that coming from the other countries. The trouble is that oleomargarine and other imitations are sold in Cuba as American butter. It is precisely the same dishonest methods which have so greatly injured the American butter trade in Europe. When our government stops this fraudulent trade, American butter and cheese will sell again in the markets of the world at prices as high as similar articles from other countries. This dishonest practice on the part of exporters not only disgraces the United States, but it takes millions of dollars annually out of the farmers' pockets, by depreciating the value of their products.—Philadelphia Press.

Have the wool in good condition without any tags in the fleeces.

### Mixing Chemical Fertilizers.

A bulletin of the Tennessee Experiment Station says:

Farmers should make their own manure at home, by growing feed, feeding it to milk cows or other stock and saving the manure. They should by all means produce their own nitrogenous fertilizers by growing leguminous plants, which catch and fix the nitrogen of the air, as explained in Press Bulletin 1. The good farmer will do this and will thus never need to buy any fertilizer unless it is phosphate and potash. If they will buy fertilizers there is no mystery or difficulty about mixing them at home. Nitrogen costs 12 to 15 cents a pound in fertilizers. Manufacturers prepare them by mixing with acid phosphate some source of nitrogen, like tankage, dried blood, or cotton seed meal, and a potash compound like muriate of potash or kanite. Why may not the farmer mix them for himself? is a question frequently asked of the Tennessee Agricultural Experiment Station. The station always mixes fertilizers for its own use, and any farmer can do the same as follows: Use as the basis for your mixture acid phosphate made from the Tennessee rock. It is the highest grade and the cheapest phosphate we have. It should be had anywhere in Tennessee for \$12 a ton or less, and should contain 16 to 18 per cent available phosphoric acid. For potash use muriate of potash, containing 50 per cent potash. It costs, in Tennessee, \$42 to \$45.

Two classes of mixtures are sold:

1. Mixtures of acid phosphate and potash can be prepared thus: Take 1,850 pounds of Tennessee acid phosphate, 150 pounds muriate of potash, and mix thoroughly. At the above prices a ton of the mixture will cost about \$14.25, and will contain at least 13.5 per cent available phosphoric acid and 3.5 per cent potash. It is the best fertilizer for cow-peas, grasses and forage plants generally, corn and wheat, and makes a fine compost with manure.

2. So-called complete fertilizers may be prepared by mixing proper amounts of acid phosphates, potash and "ammoniacals," as the substances supplying nitrogen are called. Here is a good mixture made with "tankage," or dried animal matter from the slaughter houses, which contain 7 per cent nitrogen and 12 per cent available phosphoric acid, and costing \$20 a ton.

Any of these can be easily mixed on the barn floor or a smooth, dry place, by breaking all the lumps, and sprinkling out, first a thin layer of one and then of another ingredient until the whole is laid out. Shovel together until very thoroughly mixed and put through a sand screen. Can you not afford to mix your own fertilizers for from \$5 to \$10 a ton? Agents are running over the country selling formulas for fertilizers not half as good as the above, for \$5 a recipe.

Farm Vegetables.—The fresh, crisp, juicy and finely flavored products of the farm garden may be set down as one of the most attractive things in farm life. The farmer may not appreciate these products as greatly as do the people of the towns, who see only stale, wilted, discolored and generally out-of-condition vegetables in the markets. The farmer who will not give a thought to his lettuce or his onions or his green, or other vegetable, because he is accustomed to them in their most attractive state, would find a new interest in such things, could he return to them after a visit to a city and a diet on vegetables in the usual city condition. The farmer at home is master of his own supplies of vegetables, and he misses one of the best things within his reach when he fails to secure for himself and his family a large garden growing a variety of excellent and wholesome vegetables. Ex.

Storing Onions.—Onions, unless they have been properly prepared, are difficult to keep, but properly ripened off, dug at the right season and dried as they should be, they will keep well. The temperature must be low and the air dry, as in a warm, moist atmosphere they soon grow and are spoiled. If I had onions to store, not knowing how they had been dried, I should subject them to 100 degrees heat for several days, which has almost the effect of kiln drying. Then place in shallow, slatted boxes, piled one above another, in a cellar well ventilated and kept just above freezing. If this way is not practicable they can be kept in a building away from fire, stored in a bin which has a thick lining and covering of straw and fine hay.—Vick's Magazine.

The Prickly Pear.—The Opuntia, grown in Sicily, produce delicious fruits in great abundance, often ten tons per acre. In Almeria, Spain, as high as fifteen tons of fruits are sometimes produced. In Sicily the well-ripened prickly pears are really delicious, and these improved varieties should be tried in all the southern and southwestern states. Some of these best sorts have been obtained and will be distributed to the experiment stations for trial.

Miniature Trees.—One of the most remarkable features of Japanese gardening is the way in which every plant and tree in a famous garden will be reproduced in miniature, by a system of dwarfing which has been handed down from many generations back. Every characteristic of a large tree will be preserved, the foliage, color and the texture of the branches, and yet the miniature copy will often be not more than from one to three feet high.—Ex.

Some reliable fertilizer ought always to be kept on hand also. If this is not done, plants are often allowed to suffer for food at the very time when it is most needed.—Exchange.



"GET ON WITH YOU!"

man was tall, and had a heavy beard. He was dressed in a well-fitting riding suit, with high boots. There was a look of masterful cruelty about him that made Rob shiver.

Rob noticed that the blacks, and the crew of the "Black Cat" as well, shot glances of fear toward the calm and powerful-looking man on horseback. Poor Rob did not know what to do first. All around him were groaning and chattering blacks, and the cruel, sharp words of Torvevo were ringing in his ears.

"Take it! Take it!" said one of the laborers to him, holding out a package. Rob tried to take it from the fellow and put it with others, as he saw the men around him doing, but it was too heavy. He let it fall, and there was the sound of breaking glass. Immediately the captain of the "Black Cat" let out a shrill yell of rage, and leaped into the boat. He gave Rob a cut across the shoulders and even on his face with the rope's end he carried. Rob cried out with pain, but Torvevo cursed and struck him again.

"Cut! Good for nothing!" he screamed, seemingly beside himself with rage. "Will you break the captain's bottles? Take that for your clumsiness."

The schooner was near enough to shore for the man on horseback to hear and see what was going on. He turned a calm, impassive face toward the boat.

"It's that good-for-nothing nephew of mine, Senior Captain," sang out Torvevo. "He would go on a voyage with me, and what good is he, except to steal and lie and break things? I'll break him! Come, take this and see if you can break it!"

his teeth hard and took up a smaller package. With this, which he could just carry, he fell into line.

There was now a steady line of men going from the shore, where two boats were unloading, over a ridge some few hundred feet off, up to which there was a constant rise. They disappeared over this ridge, and Rob wondered where they took the contraband goods. But he was soon to find out. As part of the endless procession, with dark, shining bodies, before him, and others coming after him, he walked up the slope, and at the summit of the ridge found that there was a steep descent on the other side. And down this there was a swampy place, toward which the men went. They did not go into the swamp, however. Turning one side, they continued till they reached a spot where the side of the hill was almost straight. Here there was a small opening, almost hidden by a growth of trees and bushes. These were being held aside by men while the burden carriers went into the opening. To accomplish this they were compelled to put the burden they carried on the ground, roll or push it in, and then get down on their knees and crawl in themselves. Rob did just as he had seen the others do, and when he again stood upright he found himself in a great cave, almost totally dark, with the men moving like spectres of darkness here and there. After a few minutes he managed to see a little, and then found that the cave he was in was only one of a series of vaulted caverns, leading back from the ridge toward, and perhaps under, the water of the bay. There was a constant slope downward, and Rob judged that the bottom of the cave was at least fifty feet below the river bed. From one of the caverns men now came with torches, and Rob saw that this strange place was a vast storehouse of smuggled goods. Bales of tobacco lined one rock room. Bales of silk and cloth filled another. Here there were casks of brandy and in another place a quantity of liquor in bottles. There was wealth represented there—stolen wealth—for, even if the smugglers had bought the goods honestly, they were stealing it into the country, which was in itself dishonest. And if they would do this, no doubt they would steal it,